

Reason

by Hawki

Category: Halo, Red vs. Blue

Genre: Humor, Parody

Language: English

Characters: OC

Status: Completed

Published: 2012-03-12 00:08:25

Updated: 2012-03-12 00:08:25

Packaged: 2016-04-27 02:59:14

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,093

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Oneshot: It really sucks being a Spartan-IV sometimes. True, you have heightened senses, but...well, you have heightened senses. Sense enough to realize how crazy the universe really is...

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"Hey?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you ever wonder why we're here?"

The red Spartan-IV looked at the blue Spartan-IV, staring at him until purple started screaming for inclusion. Never mind the fact that they were in the Warehouse. Never mind that Red Team and Blue Team were meant to be fighting each other. No...the question of the meaning of existence had to come first.

"No, I don't wonder why we're here," Blue said. "I mean, we all know the answer right? The Precursors created us and the Forerunners, we owned the Flood, Forerunners owned us-..."

"Blue..."

"Then we regress to a tier seven civilization for the next ten thousand years, until the Forerunners get what's coming to them..."

"_Blue_..."

"Then we're transported to and from the Ark. Also a bunch of humans on Installation zero-seven. Which is bigger than the other Halos. Because, as we all know, seven is a special number and-..."

"No, I mean, why are we here, in this warehouse?"

Blue stared at red. Red stared at blue. Somewhere in the facility, a grey Spartan-IV did a pose for a promotional shot. Join up. See the universe. Shoot stuff.

"Well, we're training, right?" Blue asked.

"Training? All we do is run around, shoot stuff and complain about campers."

On cue, a scream of rage echoed throughout the facility. Some poor sod had copped a blow from a gravity hammer. He claimed that if his armour hadn't lagged, he could have dodged, used a sticky and get some achievement points.

"And hey, it's not the first time red and blue teams have been pitched against each other," Red continued. "There's been at least four tournament...things..."

"Weren't there five?"

"No, four," Red reaffirmed. "We teams are too good for RTS tournaments that, while they aren't as bad as everyone says, are better on the PC regardless."

The two Spartans paused in their conversation for a moment, looking out over the Warehouse, as the teams shot and pounded each other for a reason that still eluded them. It had gone on for quite some time. So long that a Spartan-IV was claiming that he'd had enough and was going to answer his own call of duty...which started a conversation about battlefields for some reason. Probably jiralhanae bandits or something. It usually was.

"And that's not all I'm wondering about..." Blue continued. "He gestured towards the Cyclops being constructed. "What's with that thing anyway?"

"You mean the Cyclops?"

"No, I mean the Cyclops _Mark Two_," Blue said firmly. "As distinct from the old Cyclops. As distinct from the HRUNTING-..."

"Ha-_runting_? Are you sure that's how it's pronounced?"

"Mark Three B exoskeleton," Blue concluded. "Mark Three, Red. So how on Erde-Tyrene is that thing a mark two?"

Red didn't answer. There were some questions in the universe that were beyond human comprehension. Blue could call Earth by its original name all he wanted, but it didn't change the fact that they were kind of an oddball species. It seemed like whenever they reached for greatness, some alien empire smashed them back down. Kept on doing so why they had to have these 'training battles,' pitching teams against one another based on the colour of their

armour.

"Having problems gentlemen?"

The two Spartans looked up at as the orb descended towards them-the resident AI of the Warehouse. Some called it Church, some called it Epsilon, others called it Guilty Spark-as in, a Guilty Spark not unlike the first Guilty Spark, which was in a way the second Guilty Spark, because it was taken from the mind of Chakas, who could be argued to be first via his physical template, but was later the second, who took a ship on a joyride to find the Librarian, who was at first thought to be dead, but later revealed to be alive after a war in which the Forerunners came second, with the Flood coming third, and all life coming off as a measly 0.5.

Maths was strange sometimes.

"Um, yeah," Blue asked. "We were wondering...why are we here?"

"...I'm not a philosopher...say, how are Spartan Fours ranked anyway? Do you get a universal rank at graduation like the twos did?"

"Don't know," Red lied. "But what I think we could know is why are fighting each other?"

The AI sighed. Why it sighed, Red didn't know. Maybe AIs liked sighing for the sake of it. They certainly didn't have lungs.

"There is a good reason," Spark/Church/Epsilon/light bulb said. "But all I can say for now is this. You are here because we say so. You are here because after campaigning against the Covenant for nearly three decades, the powers that be want some time to unwind. You are here because...sorry, that's all I've got."

The Red Spartan-IV stared. The Blue Spartan-IV stared. Somewhere in the facility, a Spartan-IV was called a noob. Not that either of the two heard it. They were too interested why the glowing light bulb was turning red, as if to enact an edict.

"And why are you guys up here anyway? No camping!"

And wasn't that the most fundamental truth of all?

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_Somewhat obviously (hopefully), this was based on the recent _Halo 4 _multiplayer reveal, giving us insight into maps and Spartan-IVs. What's perhaps less obvious, is that this isn't really a 'protest oneshot'-an alternative to venting my spleen on blogs or forums. Yet it isn't a "make fun of things for the sake of it either." Rather, the primary inspiration for this was the assertion that multiplayer would have a story behind it, giving a reason why the red and blue teams were shooting and hitting each other. Granted, I'm all for more detail and lore, but were any of us really wondering why teams of Spartans (and later sangheili) were taking part in such carnage? And wasn't such a 'reason' already provided by _Red vs. Blue_? If _Halo 4 _runs the risk of becoming less serious, then I feel that it's

matched by _Red vs. Blue _becoming too serious for its own good after season 6. Anyway, came up with this as a result._

_Oh, and I included the Cyclops. Because everyone hates the Cyclops.
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Update (11/03/2012): Corrected spelling summary.

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file.